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NO. 50.

That Monument to Adam.

for a monument to Adam is booming

and facetious editors, who imagine the project only exists in the minds of the

newspaper men, who have poked fun at it from its first inception, will yet live to see an appropriate shaft erected to the

memory of the late lamented proprietor

of Eder plantation. The idea originated

\$5,000; but since so much interest has

been manifested by the moneyed men of this city, the original subscription book

has been destroyed and a new one

The meeting then adjourned subject to

"Certainly we do; we propose to raise a purse of not less than \$20,000 to be de

"Well, as to that I have nothing to

say. The committee were instructed to

secure a design as near the style of the

original man as an artist can possibly create. It is to be of bronze and erected

somewhere in the city limits on a site to

be selected hereafter. In all probability

mated and the monumenterected. Mark

Twain is to deliver the desication ora-

inmunicate if you will call again.'

furnish designs for the proposed monu-

were capitalists at the bottom of the

scheme who would contribute liberally.

mover in the matter, and in reply to queries upon the subject said he saw

no reasor why Adam shouldn't be hon-

ored equally with General Sullivan and

Origin of Christmas.

The precise date of the institution of

the Christmas festival is involved in ob-

scurity. The origin of Christmas as a

religious feast, is ascribed to the decre

Shocking Death in a Cotton Mill.

Mr. Raymond Knowles, the superin-

endent of the Thistle cotton mills, in

Ilchester, Md., met his death in a sin-

gular and shocking manner. Some of

wishing to go to the upper floor, placed

ing, and did not intend to go up in that

of the building. The impetus was so

great that it was impossible to arrest his ascent, and the top of his head struck

the roof with such force that his skull was crushed. The first intimation those on the ground floor had of the terrible

accident was when the body of the un-fortunate man fell headlong from the roof to the basement, a distance of 200

feet. A physician was summoned, and then it was ascertained that in addition to the fracture of the skull his hip bone

had been badly fractured by the fall and had penetrated the temoral artery, from which his life blood poured, caus-ing his death in about two minutes. The body was so shockingly mutilated

as to be almost unrecognizable, even by

the rest of the American heroes.

Rev. Mr. Beecher is an enthusistic

next June will see our ideas consum

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ESSEX COUNTY.

VOL. VII.

ISLAND POND, VERMONT, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1879.

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Don't Forget the Place,

CROSS STREET,

Island Pond, - - Vt. one.

Burled Treasure.

Upon a time-I do not know Exactly when, but long ago-A man whose riches were untold. Silver and precious stones and gold, Within an Eastern city dwelt; But not a moment's peace he telt, For fear that thieves should force his door, And rob him of his treasured store. In spite of armed slaves on guard, And doors and windows locked and barred, His life was one continual fright; He hardly slept a wink by night, And had so little rest by day That he grew prematurely gray.

At last he dug a monstrous pit To hold his wealth, and buried it By night alone; then smoothed the ground So that the spot could not be found. But he gained nothing by his labor; A curious, prying, envious neighbor. Who marked the hiding, went and told The sultan where to find the gold. A troop of soldiers came next day, And bore the hoarded wealth away.

Some precious jewels still remained, For which a goodly price he gained, Then left the city quite by stealth, To save the remnast of his wealth; But, now, by hard experience taught, A better way to keep it sought. Broad lands he bought, and wisely tilled; With fruits and grain his barns he filled; He used his wealth with liberal hand; His plenty flowed through all the land; And, hid no longer under-ground, Spread honest comfort all around.

Thus calm and prosperous pass the years, Till on a fated day he hears The sultan's mandate, short and dread, " Present thyself or lose thy head!" Fearful and trembling, he obeys, For sultans have their little ways, And wretches who affront their lord Brave bastinado, sack, or cord.

Before the dreaded throne he bowed Where sat the sultan, grim and proud, And thought " My head must surely fall, And then my master will seize all My wealth again." But from the throne There came a calm and kindly tone: " My son, well pleased am I to see Thy dealings in prosperity; May Allah keep thee in good health! Well hast thou learned the use of wealth. No longer buried under-ground, Its comforts spread to all around. The poor man's blessings on thy name Are better far than worldly fame. I called thee hither. Now, behold, Here are the silver, gems and gold I took from thee in other days; Receive them back and go thy ways For thou hast learned this truth at last-Would that it might be sown broadcast! That riches are but worthless pelt When hoarded only for one's self." -Harper's Young People.

Pansy's New Year's Card.

"Oh! fie, papa! Fie!" Sturdy old Squire Cranborne put aside with gentle violence the fair hand which his eldest daughter Katherine had placed over his lips. "I won't be silenced!" he cried. "I

say again, heartily, confound all newfangled customs, and especially this one of sending cards to people on New Year's day. It's a nuisance, and ought to be put down. There's my letter-bag more than an hour late, and crammed so full of rubbish that the lock is strained, and I can't get the bag open at all!"

After another effort, however, the lock yielded, and the angry squire poured out some score or two of letters

upon the breakfast-table.

"'Miss Cranborne,' Miss Cranborne,'
Why, they are all for you, Kitty, I declare! Here, take them away-take all

the lot—and if you find a letter for me just hand it over."
"Don't be cross, father; and please don't call me Kitty." The squire just then was finishing his cup of coffee, and a kind of gurgling growl was his only response.

"Just look!" cried Katherine, exultingly. She was busily sorting the letters, nearly all of which were placed in one pile. "Just look at them!"

"Are they all for you?"
"All these are. Now you see what it is to be a beauty!" 'And an heiress," added her father. 'Oh, of course-and an heiress!'

'But you do not mean to say," connued the squire, as he took his own letters, "that there is not one for my ittle Pansy?" Katherine gave a gesture of contempt

"Of course there is not! She is by far too insignificant and insipid a creature to receive any such attentions."
"And she is no heiress!" added the

squire. "I do wish you would not make so many allusions to my fortune!"
"Can't help it, Kate. There's my Pansy, as beautiful as the flower I named her after. But she is no heiress! You understand?"

Katherine did not answer. She was anxiously scrutinizing the handwriting on the envelopes before proceeding to open any of them. A young girl who had been seated opposite to her now rose, and going to the squire, put her arms round his neck and kissed him fondly.

A world of love came into the old man's eyes, and he stroked her hands

heiress. Perhaps no one will want to take you from me!"

Tears rose into Pansy's eyes, for though she said nothing she could not help feeling a little pang of disappointment at the discovery that no one had thought it worth while to send her one card that brilliant New Year's morning.

But she checked the tears back and to But she checked the tears back, and to hide her emotion, kissed her father again and again.

Squire Cranborne, the father of the two motherless girls who were at break-fast with him that morning, had mar-ried twice. His first wife, a vain, proud weman, had a large fortune in her own right, and on her decease—which occurred soon after Katherine's birth—she left all her property to her little daughter—to be held in trust until she should either marry or attain the age of twenty.

tion, save love, beauty and a gentle disposition. She was the eldest daughter of the village curate, and it was a heavy blow to him when she died, on the second anniversary of her wedding-day. humor suited her.
"I am so awfully glad to see you this morning," he said, bending down to

He had never married again, though quite a young man when left for the rich heiress, and the other with only a

very modest portion.

Katherine was within a few months of her majority. Tall and beautiful, that was, including the mother, vain and proud, and duly impressed with the superiority of her own position and personal attractions. Offers she had had in But at an plenty, for she never failed to attract notice and dimiration wherever she went; but she had dismissed all her

Of course it was very wrong of Squire Cranborne to like one daughter better than the other. But he did, and every one knew that the gentle, patient little Pansy, so much like the second wife he had loved so fondly, was his favorite. The manifestations of affection now interchanged between them jarred on Katherine's feelings, and when she had

finished examining the superscriptions, and looked up, her fair brows were contracted into an ugly frown.

"Gushing again!" she exclaimed, in a contemptuous voice. "I can't think how you can be so fond of kissing and

cuddling." "You are vexed, Kate," said her father, "and so you are cross with us. I noticed your annoyance increase as you got to the bottom of the pile. You have been expecting a letter which has not arrived. I'll be bound there is not one of those addresses in Sir Charles

Howell's handwriting!"
A crimson flush dyed Katherine's face as these words were spoken. "I did expect a card from Sir Charles, of course," she replied, with difficulty curbing her vexation. "He must have

sent one. Are you sure you emptied the letter-bag?" "Yes, I think so. But you had better look-I have known a letter to remain wedged in a corner more than once."
"And it has happened again," said Katherine, as she drew forth a crumpled

She glanced eagerly at the handwrit-ing, and then, with an angry cry, let the letter fall.

"Not from Sir Charles after all," said the squire, taking hold of the missive. "Why, yes it is; but by George and egad! it's addressed to you, Pansy—it's addressed to you!"

"Oh! impossible!" cried Pansy, blushing and trembling. It must be some mistake!" "Not a bit of it," cried the delighted father, in great exultation. "Here, open it at once and let me see! Why, what a very pretty card it is! Hilloa Charles, laughing. there, Katherine, where are you going?"
But his eldest daughter made no reply.
Gathering up her letters, she left the
room hastily, in order that the tears of mortification which rose in her eyes should not be noticed as they coursed down her cheeks.

The Sir Charles Howell alluded to in the foregoing conversation was a young baronet who had not long returned from

a sojourn in the East. It was noticed that upon one pretext or other a great deal of his time was passed at Squire Cranborne's, and everybody arrived at the conclusion that the attraction was, and could be no other than the rich and beautiful Katherine; who herself was fully convinced that she had a fresh worshipper at her shrine. Accustomed to adulation and to receive attentions from every one, while her half-sister had never had even the semblance of a lover, it had not occurred to her, until the arrival of the New Year's card, that Sir Charles could possibly

take any notice of insignificant Pansy. As she opened letter after letter, and spread out the cards on the table before her, she gradually regained her tran-quility, and by the time she had finished she said to herself, as she smiled at her

lovely counterpart in a mirror: "It was foolish of me to be vexed. It is impossible that he could pass me over for Pansy! I feel sure he has sent me a cord, but it has been delayed, and that one was only addressed to Pansy out of mere kindness of heart." There was a tap at the door, and her

maid entered. "It is time, miss, to get ready. The carriage is ordered for eleven." Katherine smiled as she remembered that Sir Charles had promised to accompany them to the country townsome ten miles away-where a bazaar or sale of fancy-work was to be held in aid of the funds required for the res-

toration of the ancient church.

At the opening ceremony it was expected that most, if not all, the influential families in the county would be

represented.
The squire's daughters had both been looking forward with pleased expectation to the occurrence of this event; and when Sir Charles had promised to be their escort, the old squire himself had gladly availed himself of the oppertunity of staying away, as such gatherings were very far indeed from being to his taste. Sir Charles appeared with all a lover's

punctuality-that is, he arrived half an hour before the time of starting. To his surprise, he found Katherine was ready too-a most unusual event, for she made it a point of honer always to keep her cavaliers waiting.

If, however, her design was to prevent the possibility of a tete-a-tete between the baronet and Pansy, she was "Never mind, Pansy!" he said, "I am very glad no one sends you such rubbish. And I am thankful you are no heiress. Perhaps no one will want to ing their departure. His glowing countenance was beaming with smiles, and he chuckled gleefully.

"That Howell is a sensible young fellow, and I admire his taste; I don't like the idea of losing my Pansy, though I would rather give her to him than anyone. Crowded as the town hall was that New Year's day with all the youth and beauty of the neighborhook, the en-trance of Sir Charles with his two lovely companions attracted immediate notice

and they were quickly surrounded by crowds of friends and acquaintances. Among those who pressed forward was a certain Captain Simister—a tall, fair man—conspicuous by his thick mustache, and long, flowing yellow beard, which descended to his breast.

His second vife brought him no por-ion, save love beauty and a gentle dis-tinacious admirers, and she alternately A letter from Elmira, N. Y., to th rebuffed and encouraged him, as the New York Star says: Elmira's scheme

quite a young man when left for the second time a widower.

Thus it happened that Katherine and Pansy were half sisters only; the one a is fitted up as the Cave of Mystery, and

there's a fortune-teller in it. It's real with Rev. Thomas K. Beecher and Mark Twain. At first it was proposed to erect a monument at a cost of about fun, I assure you." "And may we follow you?" asked Sir

"Oh, certainly!" Miss Cranborne put herself under the captain's escort with some misgiving. But at any rate she thought she should not be long in discovering what Sir Charles' intentions really were. The Cave of Mystery, as it had been

opened. A secret meeting of those in-terested in the affair was held recently at the banking-house of Mr. Frank G. suitors with ontumely.

Pansy for girl of a different stamp altogether like in figure and retiring muspos ton, she was generally over the looked.

named, was just one of those generally call affairs common on these occasions. The principal amusement in connection quaintly-dressed little figure, which could be soun around very much after Hall, one of the prime movers and hardest workers in the matter. A reporter of the Sar called upon him this morning. Mr. Hall smilingly invited the reporter into his private aparaments and said there was not much to make public could be spun around very much after the fashion of a tee-to-tum. Arranged around it in a circle were numerous small pieces of paper closely folded up. The figure carried a kind of wand, which, when the gyrations stopped, pointed of course to some one of the beof Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, M. H. Arnot and Henry E. Drake, were appointed to correspond with the eminent sculptors of this country for appropripointed of course to some one of the beate designs for the proposed monument. ore-mentioned pieces of paper.

> the call of the committee.
>
> "You really mean business, then, in this undertaking?" said the reporter.
>
> "It is generally thought to be a big hoax by people outside the city."
>
> "Certainly we do: we propose to raise was paid. "Now, Miss Cranborne," said the aptain, taking out his purse, "try your ortune!

For this peep into futurity a shilling

But Katherine resolutely refused, and declared that the whole thing was too hildish for her to take any part in it. voted to the purpose."
"What is your idea as to the design of the monument?" Nor after this could Sir Charles pre vail upon Pansy to make the trial, so he

"At least you will allow me?"
"Certainly. How can I have a voice
in the matter?" Sir Charles put down his shilling—the fortune-teller was spun around, and finally, after a little oscillation, stopped with the wand pointing to one of the

slips. "Will you take it up, please?" Sir Charles did so, and then read

Seek her hand, and buy the ring; Lite-long happiness 'twill bring. He tried to catch Pansy's glance, but a vain. She had heard the words, doubtless; but was now intent upon me pretty trifles on a stall close by.

"By Jove," drawled Captain Simister,
"Miss Cranborne. Do try—or let me."
"You can try," said Katherine, but
her voice was so harsh that all looked at her in surprise. With well-feigned anxiety the captain watched the motions of the oracle of

fate. He pretended to tremble and hesitate at the idea of reading the slip: "Have you not heard it said full oft-" He read so far, then stopped suddenly. With an angry exclamation he tore the paper to atoms. The conclusion must received. He thought the thing was have been something most unpalatable an assured success, and said that it "What was it, Simister?" cried Sir could not fail for v ant of funds, for there

But the captain's face wore such an angry look, that the baronet saw it would be injudicious to pursue the subject further. "What could it have been?" whispered Pansy to Sir Charles, as they de-

seended the broad staircase together. "We shall never know, I expect," plied the baronet. Then, in a tender undertone, he added, inquiringly, "You received a New Year's card this morning?"
"Yes," she answered faintly, though her cheeks were aflame.

"And Miss Cranborne-Pansy-

remember the words on my slip of paper: 'Seek her hand, and buy the ring.' If I buy the ring, will you wear the movable of Christian festivals, and He drew a breath of relief when she celebrated by the Eastern churches in turned her blushing, smiling face full the months of April and May. Under upon him. But she lowered her eyes the Pontificate of Pope Julius I., 337-352, mmediately, and said, demurely:
"I don't know—indeed I don't! You St. Cyril of Jerusalem urged the importance of making Christmas an immovable

must really ask papa!" A State Executioner.

In the Kleine Journal, a daily newspaper recently started in Berlin by the in the adoption of the twenty-fifth of Prussian railway king, Dr. Strousberg, December. Gibbon says the festival of is published some curious details of an interview recently granted to the writer solstice, with the view of transforming by Krauts, the State executioner, who beheaded Hoedel last summer. While solstice, with the view of transforming the Pagan Saturnalia into a Christmas beheaded Hoedel last summer. While solve the solution of the s "Monsieur de Berlin" was chatting pleasantly with his visitor about the which are observed at Christmas are of would-be regicide—Krauts' first performance as a headsman—a knock was heard at the door, and a footman in splendid livery entered the room with the request that the Scharfrichter would form Pagan rites and ceremonies. The be pleased to speak with him for a moment in the passage. Krauts went out with the lackey, and, after a brief interchange of seniences in an undertone was heard to say aloud: "Tell her ex-cellency the lady countess that I am very sorry, but I cannot, dare not, do it Interrogated, upon his return, by the visitor, with respect to the mission of may be when this day arrives his heart the mysterious man-servant, he replied is moved with that common impluse of with a smile: "Oh, it was only a request from one of my 'sympathizers,' such as reach me several times a week. You may often see the handsomest equipages in Berlin standing at the corner of the Mulack strasse. They bring me lady visitors—young and old, pretty and ugly. Yes, yes; many ladies of our highest aristocracy have called upon me, and have insisted upon seeing my wife, when I was not at home." And what did these ladies want?" The merest which Hair entitings of criminals. rubbish. Hair-cuttings of criminals, tor instance—a blood-stained pockethandkerchief—a morsel of bread from the headsman's breakfast-table, or one of my gloves." Krauts himself is a fine young fellow, decorated with the iron cross for valor in the field. Like most subordinate functionaries in Prussia, he tor to the lower floor. Mr. Knowles, was a non-commissioned officer in the army, and received his present appointarmy, and received his present appointment upon discharge, as a reward for
faithful and gallant services. He is
married and the proud father of a fine
Those above, thinking that he was joklittle boy the heir apparent to this important office. With a touch of quaint piety, he introduced this lad to his visitor's notice as "his successor, please way, started the steam windlass, and Mr. Knowles was jerked up to the roof God!" and observed that, though he had passed an uneasy night before the morning fixed for Hoedel's execution, when he looked into his "elient's" impudent, sneering face he thanked God for making his business so easy for him."—London

Lady (behind counter, to cabman)—
"Pair of gleves? Yes. What is your
number?" Cabman—"▲ hundred and
ninety-three!"

At a recent concert it was the subject of re-mark that in what fine "voice" the singers were; in commending his good judgment the leader will pardon us for whispering that he always recommends Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for clearing and strengthening the voice. The Essex County Herald JOB PRINTING

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The sale of suspenders ought to be the most brisk in bracing weather. The total debt of Boston is \$42,359, 816.23, a decrease during 1879 of \$9,720,

A \$10,000 greenback was paid into the Alabama State treasury one day recently.

Thurlow Weed, of New York, saw the first steamboat and rode on the first railway car.

It is estimated that one hundred mil-lion feet of logs will be cut on the Pen-obscot waters during the coming winter. An innkeeper need never be at a loss for means to entertain his patrons, being always a host in himself.

Kansas claims an increase of 144,094 in population in the past year, its recent census showing 849,978 inhabitants. A statistician computes that 2,500,000 watches and 4,000,000 shake are appraally turned out in different parts of the

at present. A meeting had been held at It is now decided that the total value of the estate of the late William S. O'Brien, one of the California bonanza which a committee of three consisting

kings, is \$9,377,849. In twenty-three months, King Alfonso of Spain, has been married, widowed, engaged, widowed in his engagement, engaged again, and married.

As many women learn to know their husbands, they wish they had learned to "No" them when they were only sweethearts.—Steubenville Herald.

He looked as wise as an owl, didghe, His tricks were well adjusted,
He defined to advertise, you see,
And in a year he busted.

—Hubbard's Advertiser.

"How long shall girls be courted?"

asks an English newspaper. "Not later than two o'clock in the morning, we think, excepting when it rains .- Elmira There are plenty of representative men who don't represent anything worth speaking of except an unlimited amount of burglar-proof cheek. - Water.

loo Observer. tion, and prominent men from all parts of the country are to be invited to be present. We have embarked in the A perfumer proposes to start out with this motto for 1880: "If I don't make 8,3000 this year I won't make a scent." enterprise solely upon patriotic principles and a desire to perpetuate the mem-But we would like to see him prove it. ory of a much-abused man. At the next -Des Moines Register. meeting some definite steps will proba-bly be taken which I shall be pleased to

If a little girl who is sent to market should accidentally swallow a ten-cent piece there is a terrible row in the house. The reporter next paid a visit to M. H. But the head of the family can go out Arnot, chairman of the committee ap-pointed to correspond with the sculpthree or four nights in the week and swallow a dollar each time, and nothing tors. Mr. Arnot said they had already is said .- Owego Times. invited several prominent sculptors, both in this country and Europe, to con-tribute designs, but declined to give "Mr. Brown, couldn't you give me a position of some kind with you?" "Very sorry-don't think there is any vacancy in my establishment." "If you have their names at present. They are to

nothing else, employ me as your adviser." "Very well, you may commence by advising me how I can best ment, and it is expected the committee get rid of you!" A man in Madison county, Ky., went through the terrible ordeal of having a bombshell burst in his hands just after the war. He was dreadfully mangled by the explosion, but recovered from his wounds. Some time afterward he was shot through the body with a navy re-volver. Recently he was driving a wagon with a heavy sawlog on it. The

wagon upset and the sawlog passed over his body, crushing him in a frightful manner; again he is recovering.

How Emigrants are Received in New

York. When a vessel arrives having on board lot of emigrants, officers from Castle Garden go aboard and check all their baggage, which is then removed to the great baggage-room of the garden. was confounded with the Epiphany and Then the emigrants are removed to that depot, none being allowed to go ashore until all have passed through the routine of registration, etc. Almost every proper want the emigrants can have may be satisfied within the building. There is a restaurant, at which they may get plain and wholesome food at very reafestival, and obtained an order from the pope to make a proper investigation for the purpose of determining the exact date. A conference held between the sonable prices; there are exchange offices, at which they may exchange their churches of the East and West resulted foreign gold and paper into American money; there are railroad and steamboat offices, at which they may engage transportation to every part of the country; there is abundant space on large settees and clean floors for them to spread their beds; there is a branch of the custom house where they may settle their dues with least inconvenience; there is a hospital in which their sick are immediately cared for: there are interpreters to give them any information they may desire, and through whom they receive letters from friends; there are clerks to examine the tickets they have bought in Europe and see that they have not been swindled; last of all, when they are ready to go forth, if their destinations are away from New York, there are barges which conspicuously in Scandinavian mythol-No festival of the Christian church surpasses Christmas in the excarry them and their luggage, at five emplification of the power and influence o'clock every day, to the principal rail-ways. If they desire to remain in New York they are aided in finding their of religion. Wherever the Christian friends, or, lacking friends, are enabled joy, peace and good will which the season invokes. The old recall the days of to get temporary lodgings from emi-grant lodging-house keepers, who are licensed and held to the strictest youth, the young are absorbed in the present, the distant wanderer revives responsibility for their honest treatment. If they are sick or destitute they are sent to Ward's Island, and if they are in want of employment there is a labor bureau in the garden which finds work for great numbers of domestics and laborers. And all this is without a charge of a single cent to the emigrants.

> for care or cure they are previded for on Ward's Island free of charge. A Reminiscence of Hooker.

> Even when within five years they come

back to the commissioners of emigration

How it came about that 3,000 Confederate soldiers cheered justily for "Fighting Joe Hooker" is explained by the editor of the Rural Sun (Nashville, Tenn.) who was a prisoner at Rock Island, Ill., during the severe winter of 1863-64. The general visited the military prison one day, and all the inmates were drawn up in line for inspection. were drawn up in line for inspection.

His keen eye seemed to scan every man from head to heel, as he slowly passed before them, and at the upper end of the lines the party halted. The general, half-wheeling his horse, lifted his plumed hat with as much knightly grace as if they had all been courtiers, and a soft expression passed over his face as he said, "Young gentlemen, I am sorry, very sorry for you, and hope soon our differences will be settled, so that you all can return safely home again." you all can return safely home again. Simple as the expression was, it was so different from those they had been accustomed to hearing from the commander of the prison that it touched the hearts of the "ragged Rebs" like a current of electricity, and instantly 3,000 throats gave a listy cheer for Joe Healer.